

CHRONOLOGY.

WILLIAM, EARL OF KILMARNOCK.

August 18, 1746, William, Earl of Kilmarnock, aged 42, and Arthur, Baron Balmerino, aged 58, were beheaded on Tower-hill, as traitors, for levying war against King George II., in behalf of the pretender.

At the foot of a flight of stairs in the tower, Lord Kilmarnock met Lord Balmerino, and embracing him, said, "My lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." At the Tower-gates, the sheriffs gave receipts for their bodies to the lieutenant, who, as usual, said, "God bless King George,"—whereon the Earl of Kilmarnock bowed; Lord Balmerino exclaimed, "God bless King James." They were preceded by the constable of the Tower hamlets, the knight-marshal's men, tipstaves, and the sheriff's officers, the sheriffs walking with their prisoners, followed by the tower warders, and a guard of musqueteers. Two hearses and a mourning coach terminated the procession, which passed through lines of foot soldiers to the scaffold on the south side of the hill, around which the guards formed an area; and troops of horse wheeled off, and drew up in their rear five deep.

The lords were conducted to separate apartments in a house facing the scaffold, and their friends admitted to see them. The Rev. Mr. Hume, a near relative of the Earl of Hume, with the Rev. Mr. Foster, an amiable dissenting minister, who never recovered the dismal effect of the scene, assisted the Earl of Kilmarnock; the chaplain of the tower, and another clergyman of the Church of England, accompanied Lord Balmerino, who on entering the house, hearing several of the spectators ask, "which is Lord Balmerino?" answered, with a smile, "I am Lord Balmerino, gentlemen, at your service." Earl Kilmarnock spent an hour with Mr. Foster in devotional exercises, and afterwards had a conference with Lord Balmerino, who, on their taking leave, said, "My Lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay this reckoning alone: once more, farewell for ever!"

As Lord Kilmarnock proceeded to the scaffold, attended by his friends, the multitude showed the deepest signs of pity and commiseration. Struck by the sympathy of the immense assemblage, and the variety of dreadful objects on the stage of death—his coffin, the heading-block, the axe, and the executioners—he turned to Mr. Hume, and said, "Hume! this is terrible!"—but his countenance and voice were unchanged. The black baize over the rails of the scaffold was removed, that the people might see all the circumstances of the execution, and a single stroke from the headsman separated him from the world.

Lord Balmerino, in the mean time having solemnly recommended himself to the Supreme Mercy, conversed cheerfully with his friends, took wine, and desired them to drink to him "ane degree ta heaven." The sheriff entered to inform him that all was ready, but was prevented by his lordship inquiring if the affair was over with Lord Kilmarnock. "It is," said the sheriff. He then inquired, and being informed, how the executioner performed his office, observed, "It was well done;" turning himself to the company, he said, "Gentlemen, I shall detain you no longer," and saluted them with unaffected cheerfulness. He mounted the scaffold with so easy an air, as to astonish the spectators. No circumstance in his whole deportment showed the least fear or regret, and he frequently reproved his friends for discovering either, upon his account. He walked several times round the scaffold, bowed to the people, went to his coffin, read the inscription, and with a nod, said, "it is right;" he then examined the block, which he called his "pillow of rest." Putting on his spectacles, and taking a paper out of his pocket, he read it with an audible voice, and then delivering it to the sheriff, called for the executioner, who appearing, and being about to ask his lordship's pardon, he interrupted him with "Friend, you need not ask

my forgiveness, the execution of your duty is commendable," and gave him three guineas, saying, "Friend, I never was rich, this is all the money I have now, and I am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat," which he then took off, together with his neckcloth, and threw them on his coffin. Putting on a flannel waistcoat, provided for the purpose, and taking a plaid cap out of his pocket, he put it on his head, saying he died "a Scotchman." He knelt down at the block, to adjust his posture, and show the executioner the signal for the stroke. Once more turning to his friends, and looking round on the crowd, he said, "Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold, but remember, sir, (said he to a gentleman who stood near him,) that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble if I should show any signs of fear."

Observing the axe in the executioner's hand as he passed him, he took it from him, felt the edge, and returning it, clapped the executioner on the shoulder to encourage him. He then tucked down the collar of his shirt and waistcoat, and showed him where to strike, desiring him to do it resolutely, for "in that," said his lordship, "will consist your kindness."

Passing to the side of the stage, he called up the warder, to whom he gave some money, asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near.

Immediately, without trembling or changing countenance, he knelt down at the block, and, with his arms stretched out, said, "O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, and receive my soul,"—he gave the signal by letting them fall. His firmness and intrepidity, and the unexpected suddenness of the signal, so surprised the executioner, that the blow was not given with strength enough to wound him very deep; another blow immediately given rendered him insensible, and a third completed the work of death.

HOME.—LINES AT PARTING.

FROM A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE ARMY TO HIS WIFE.

The packet is ready: how sickens my heart!
Each feeling is riven. Alas! do we part?
The surges of passion drive o'er me their foam:
My happiness, dearest, is sever'd from home!

The bosom of ocean will leave thee away,
Though sorrow, all aching, would linger and stay:
But brighten, my sweetest!—Our Erin will be
A home to my darlings, a parent to thee.

The bugle that gladdens the veteran's core,
Shall quicken my pulses of pleasure no more,
Ere, graced with his honours thy soldier be found
At home, with embraces of tenderness bound.

Tomorrow the vessel will bear me along
To lands oriental, with music and song;
But ne'er shall a fibre, that parting has wrung,
Expand, till the chorus of home shall be sung.

As over the billows my troubles shall flow,
The tempest above me, the waters below,
The turtle of comfort can visit my bark,
And bless to my spirit the home of an ark.

Ye idolized rivers which rove in the East;
Ye thickets of danger, abodes of the beast;
Ye pagods or idols offensive to view;—
Ah! how shall a foreigner home among you?

Anon, in the glowing domain of the sun,
The land by the greatness of Albion won,